

# O Christ, What Burdens Bowed Thy Head!

*But he was pierced for our transgressions; he was crushed for our iniquities; upon him was the chastisement that brought us peace, and with his wounds we are healed. Isa. 53:5*

1. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee;  
2. Death and the curse were in our cup: O Christ, 'twas full for Thee;  
3. Je - ho - vah lifted up His rod; O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
4. The tempt - est's awful voice was heard, O Christ, it broke on Thee!

5. Thou stood - est in the sin - ner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me.  
But Thou hast drained the last dark drop, 'Tis empty now for me.  
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God; There's not one stroke for me.  
Thy open bosom was my ward, It braved the storm for me.

9. A Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.  
That bitter cup, love drank it up; Now blessing's draught for me.  
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed; Thy bruising heal - eth me.  
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred; Now cloud - less peace for me.

5. Jehovah bade His sword awake;  
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!  
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;  
Thine heart its sheath must be;  
All for my sake, my peace to make;  
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6. For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died in Thee!  
Thou'rt ris'n—my hands are all untied,  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
When purified, made white and tried,  
Thy glory then for me!